

Les BADINAGES,

DE

Monfieur *WYNTER*, *K*

FEU

Medecin, aux Bains Chauds.

O R

Wynter's Whims,

WITH AN

Addresse, Preface, Postscript, and Notes
extreamly odd, and uncommon.

To which is annex'd

His Last WILL and TESTAMENT.

fussit quod splendida Bilis.

Hor.

L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHOR, 1744.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

DE

MONTAGUT WINTER

THE

Medicine and Fine Arts

OF



Antiquities, Natural History, and
Literature, and a collection

of the most valuable

of the most valuable

of the most valuable

LONDON

Printed by the British Museum



T O

Mr. *Packer,*

Kt. of the Shire for *B E R K S.*



HERE shall a Wit seek Friendship
but from a Wit? to offer it to the
stupid, is but to cast Pearl before
Swine.

Some of these Compositions received their
Birth at *Dennington* Castle (that other *Parnassus*)
which might probably have been very short
liv'd, had I not luckily hit on the *only* Expe-
dient to secure them *Immortality*, that is pre-
fixing *your Name*.

B

what

What Sort a Man Dr. Wynter was will appear by his Epitaph written by himself. Thus *Rubens* and *Vandyke* have drawn their own Portraits to the Life.—How others may paint me, “*incertus sum non perturbatus.*”—Of this *one Thing* I am mathematically certain, that

I am,

Mr. Packer's

Most obliged and devoted

Servant,

J. WYNTER.

Something



Something in Lieu of a

A P R E F A C E.

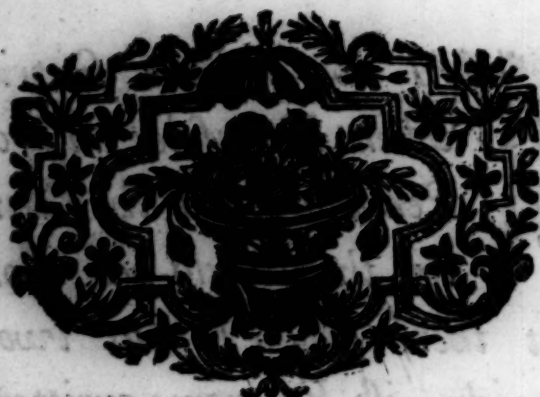


AM not a little surprized when I consider my own Penchant, and the Character the World has allotted me, that there should be but two or three Bawdy---ish Epigrams written by me in thirty Years:

I should not have printed those, had not I been apprehensive of losing the Reputation

putation of a Genius, since Barwdy and Oaths are become---alafs---the Characteristic of a modern Bel Esprit.

The Notes and Hypernotes, are done by Mr. C---y Wit, and Surgeon, and by the Author, not one by Dean P-----'l, or Mr. W-----b-----n.



On



On a young Lady who dy'd her
Hair about Fifteen.

In Imitation of Lord *Rocheſter*.

HA V E you in a Garden ſeen
A Mulberry, 'tis red when green?
But being come to Ripeneſs due,
To black it changes ſoon it's Hue.
Thus *Sachariſſa* gay and young,
With golden Locks like *Pallas* ſhone,
But grown Mature and fit for Man
To blacken *all* her Hair began.

I am ſorry, my firſt Animadverſion ſhould fall
on the fair Sex, ſince it remarks that about fifteen,
Girls begin to grow artful, and ſpread their hair
Nets, in Order to entangle Men.

On *Celia*, father'd by many, written by
myſelf.

CELIA has a thouſand Charms,
It's Heaven to lie within her Arms,
And ſhe—poor Girl's ſo *charitably* giv'n,
She wiſhes all Mankind, in *Heav'n*.

I have

I have seen a Letter of Mr. Cragg's somewhere who observes that the *French Ladies* wear no Stays out of *Charity*. Borrow'd from hence I apprehend.

Viro amicissimo doctissimoque *Johan. Freind*, M.D.
In Hippocratem Commentarios de Febribus edenti.

Tu Vitam Hippocrati Vir Phœbo chare recentem
Largiris, famam reddit et Ille Tibi
Felix Ille febres depingere, Tuque fugare
Nempe didit totam, se Tibi Diva Salus.
* Cantharidum stimulos Coüs si nosset alumnus.
Et quo musca nitens vellicat ore cutim
Si nosset Quæ nunc primum Tua pagina pandit
Clauserat Historias haud toties *Edwards*.

Here I might expatiate upon the many Favours and Emoluments I received from this great Man, but are they not written at large in the Book about Bathing in the Hot Baths at *Bath*, to which I refer the candid Reader?

As to the *internal* use of Chantharides, it was not thoroughly known, till the Death of the late D. of B.

* Vide Comment. nonum.

To Mrs. Cuff at Bath, on desiring the Author to translate a *Latin* Ode written in Praise of Lady Rofs. By a *Bristol* Divine now fellow of *Eton-College*.

WHILST you no greater nor no equal fear,
Another's Praise you patiently can hear
Secure, your Sway of Beauty to maintain
That gives you *Pleasure*, which gives others *Pain*.

Are Rofs's Charms conceal'd in *Roman* Tongue,
Be they, say you in *English* Metre sung?
Thus beaut'ous *Helen*, long obscur'd in *Greek*,
Has learn'd from *Pope*, our Mother Tongue to
speak.

Just as that Poet writes, we read—with ease,
And *Greece* is known to *Belles* and to *Toupees*,
Pope may translate his *Homer*—I my Song,
We may come near, but yet *must do both Wrong*.

Translated verse at best can rise no high'r,
So beaut'ous Rofs, the Idol, we admire,
May have your *Features*—but must want your
Fire.

Here I might enlarge learnedly, on the Difference of Originals and Translations; here remark the Borrowings of one, from old *Spanish* Writers, and the * faithful Interpretations of another from *Rabelais*. But that I hear some Folks say, what—These Wits are like Ruff's and Rees, forever pecking one another.

To Mr. *Packer*, on his Birth Day.

I ASK no Muses Aid, no foreign Fire,
True *Gratitude* alone does me inspire;
The Poet's Laurels, which were lately mine,
To future *Bards*, I chearfully resign:
With *grateful* Lays, thy Birth-Day I will sing,
Whilst Nymphs and Swains their *willing* Incense
bring.

To call Thee Patriot, generous and humane,
What is't but *eccho*, chattering thro' the Plain?
To wish longævity may *selfish* seem,
Then since I cant do Justice to the Theme,
Where I began, with *Gratitude* I'll end,
And now the *Poet's* dead, accept *the Friend*.

Hypernote.

* *Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere Fidus.*
Interpres. —————

Hor.

To

To Mr. *Blanch* of *Mortimer*, from D——n
Castle.

WHILST I with *Packer* every Pleasure share,
And breath at *Dennington*, *Parnassu's* Air,
('Tis true, that *Agnanippe's* Fountain's dry,
But better *Claret* does the Source supply,)
Forgive me, Sir, if quitting genteel Life,
I ask about your *Children* and your *Wife*.
Your *Wife* with Country Health—yet Courtly
mein,
By you with Pleasure felt—by others seen.
Your Cozen * *Jack* oft sober, always gay,
And ever budding like the Month of *May*;
Joins too in Compliments, to you and Madam,
Wishes her happy, as once *Eve* with *Adam*.
Begs you wou'd say to *Piesley* blooming fair,
That tho' His *Body's* here—His *Soul* is there.—

To Miss *Mordaunt* Niece to the late Earl
of *Peterborough*, on her desiring me to
write somewhat on WIT.

THOU fair Relation of my good old Friend,
Thy *Beauty*—or his *Wit* shall I commend?
His *Wit* I'll Sing inspir'd by thy fair Face,
An arduous Task—assist with every Grace.

* *Freind*.

C

Wilt

Wilt thou hear *Clio* or *Calliope*?
 Oh no,—the nine are present *all* in *Thee*.—
 Hear Goddess ‘ *Wit* was never yet defin’d,
 ‘ That * Emulation, of the Heav’nly Mind
 ‘ From Intellectual Ken remov’d too far
 ‘ *With common Sense moves Metaphisic War.*
 ‘ What *Newton* and *Copernicus* despis’d,
 ‘ What *Horace* and *Mæcenas* highly priz’d.
 ‘ What flow’d in *Pope’s* and *Congreve’s* richer
 ‘ Vein,
 ‘ What blund’ring *Shadwell*, never could obtain.
 ‘ What misers pray—may not their Heirs attend,
 ‘ What in the City never met a Friend!
 ‘ What the fond Mother dreads as short’ning
 ‘ Years,
 ‘ What the brib’d Lawyer and the Courtier
 ‘ fears;
 ‘ What Mirth begets—yet discord sows between
 ‘ The dearest Friends when’ere it cuts too keen.
 ‘ We own to Madness Wit is near ally’d,
 ‘ For that (as *Love*) admits no Reason guide;
 ‘ It seems so easy each Fool hopes t’ obtain,
 ‘ He Sweats and Strives—but Sweats and Strives
 ‘ in *Vain*.
 ‘ So sprightly Dames, with Mirth and Whim
 ‘ endu’d,
 ‘ Are conquer’d *later*—than the *Bibl’d Prude*.

Mordaunt was Naïf and his Manner new,
 Excell’d by none—nay rival’d—but by few,

* *Divine particula Aurea.*

In Battle rough—see *Lightning* round his Face,
With which—His *Conquests* and His *Wit* kept
Pace ;

Forgive—dread Ghost, that treads't the *Elysian*
Shade,

By thy *Pope's* Presence now more hallow'd made,
Forgive the Fondness of my feeble Pen,

Heroes were deify'd—by abler Men,

Let a new *Homer* Sing Thee fierce in Arms,

A new *Anacreon* sketch Thy Neices Charms.

(Wilt thou hear *Clio* or *Calliope*)

Descende Cælo, dic age Tibiâ

Regina longum, Calliope, melos

Seu voce nunc Mavis acutâ,

Seu Fidibus Citharâve Phæbi ?

Carm. Lib. iii. Ode iv.

(Richer Vein.)

You see here *Horace's Dives Vena* literally
copy'd, and how closely I keep up to his
Rule.

*' Vos exemplana Græca, Nocturnâ versate manu
& versate diurnâ.*

(As Love.)

Tho' Love is here cram'd in but by Way of
Simile, yet observe *Terence* here follow'd, who says,
that to attempt loving with Discretion, is the

same thing as to run reasonably mad : *Nihilò plus
agas, quam si des operam, ut cum Ratione insanias.*"

Ter.

(He sweats and Strives.)

—° *ut sibi quivis.*

' *Speret idem, multum sudet, frustra que laboret*

' *Ausus idem.*

Hor.

(Homer Sing.)

Μηνιν αἰδεύει.

(ANACREON Sketch.)

Here give me leave to turn critic and consequently *abusive*, to call *Joshua Barnes* Blockhead, who has render'd the Words, 'Εἰς ξωγραφὸν ad Pictorem. — But I affirm that *ξωγραφος* means a Wax-figure-maker, and am extremely concern'd that the Artist to whom the Poet addresses, was not alive to have executed in his (no doubt) *masterly* Manner, the superb Designs of the two great Personages by forming the Lover of the one, and the Son of the other — To return — if the Author does not mean a maker of Wax-figures, what the D——I could provoke him to say, 'τακὰ κῆρε καὶ λαλήσεις?' —

To

To Mr. *Pelham*.

JOHN broke *away* without—or *Fear or Wit*,
Henceforth—we'll ride him—in a *Pelham Bit*.

(*Pelham Bit*.)

See more about Bits, such as Pistol Bits, &c. &c.
in the pompous Edition of His Grace the Duke
of *Newcastle's* Horsemanship, (translated from the
French) and published by Mr. *Brindley*.

On the *South-Sea* Year.

OFT by our Statesmen we are told
Whilst *Aislabie* does guide us,
That all *we* touch shall turn to Gold,
As once it did—to *Midas*.

2.

Tho' to believe I'm very willing,
I can't help having Fears,
'Tis he—will have—the *Golden Feeling*,
And we the *Ass's Ears*.

(Oft, by our STATESMEN.)

Give

Give me leave to come to Confession, tho' no
good Catholick:

This Epigram by Virtue of a peaceable Possession for near twenty three Years, is according to my Lord Coke's Opinion become my own Property, but the Truth is, that I not only stole it, but the Pane of Glass on which it was engrav'd at *Sandy Lane*, and verily believe it to be *George Duckets*.

I humbly conceive that no Action can lie against me for stealing *Wit*: since it is not to be defin'd nor described as aforesaid. As to the Pane I hope the Landlord is gone to God Almighty long ago.

To Miss *Beckford*, at *Sunning-Hill*.

SEE the Sun Beams still wanton round her Face,
So highly finish'd that no Art can trace,
See a new Sun at *Heliocrene*.—break forth,
Adieu—— ‘ y’ unripen’d Beauty’s of the North.’

(At *Heliocrene*.)

A Name given to the Wells of *Sunning Hill* in *Windsor Forest* by a *Greek* justice of Peace, and a no great *Greek Physician*.

(Unripen’d.)

Here

Here I am sensible Offence may be taken by the *British* fair, but it is well for me that the *Casuits* have distinguished between *Scandalum acceptum* & *Scandalum datum*.

‘ But be it taken be it giv’n,
‘ *Wit* makes us *Foes*, in Earth and *Heav’n*.

On Sir *John Shadwell’s* being called out
of Church at *Bristol*.

OUR Pray’rs are heard as soon as made,
Not only heard but *granted* too,
Free us from *sudden Death*—was said,
And *Shadwell* left his *Pew*.

This Man was as great a Physician, as his
Name fake was a *Poet*, L——d *Stanhope* when
a Child, ask’d Him ‘ Why he gave Him Phy-
‘ sic, when he was quite well ; He answer’d, He
‘ would have him better than well.

This Gentleman ran off the Score in Phy-
sic, for a little Time, but not being a bottom’d
one, soon knock’d up—not unlike the Tit men-
tioned by *Horace*.

Peccavit ad extremum, ridendus et Illia duxit.

Hor.

On

On hearing of Dr. *Cheyne's* Death.

MOURN all ye *Wives*—Mourn long ex-
 pecting *Heirs*,
 See Undertakers—shedding *unbought* Tears,
 His Race at length is run—His fight is o'er,
 H'has follow'd *thousands*—He *had sent before*.

Cardinal *Fleury's* Soliloquy on hearing of
 the Action at *Dettingen*, *apud Orcum*.

*Quò tamen ibimus cuncti, quotquot—decimæ tulit
 ordo Lunæ.*

WHEN *Fleury* heard of G——'s Fame,
 and Valour on the *Mayne*,
 Our Treaties now (cry'd He)—they'll blame,
 Vote our Conventions—*Vain*.

2.

Ah! W—e! W—e!—hard's thy Fate,
 Whilst I surviv'd — 'twas *well*,
 Mischiefs hang o'er thy single Pate,
 Thank *Jove*—I'm safe—in *Hell*.

3. This

3.

This Place at Length shall be thy Doom,
 In spite of R——l Screen,
 O——n and H——y both are come,
 Richlieu and Mazarin.

(Hell.)

This must mean the *Poetic Hell*, so delightfully
 described by *Virgil*, a charming Retreat for any
 corrupt and rapacious Minister.

A Ballad on the Action at *Dettingen*, to
 the Tune of *Chagre's Castle* subdued.

1.

YE Britons draw near,
 Ye quickly shall hear,
 I'll sing you a Song that's most true;
 How *Noailles* did dare
 A Bridge to prepare,
 And swore he would *drub* you——*Morbleu*,

2.

The cool Earl of *Stair*,
 When he saw him appear,
 Advis'd great G——e to retreat;

D

Farflutte

Farflutte——My good Lord!
 With this conqu'ring Sword,
 I'll *Noaille's* Army defeat.

3.

Make ready Dragoons,
 Battallions, Platoons,
 Since Monsieur's come over the *Mayne*,
 Before setting Sun
 I'll make the *BEAU* run,
 And glad to get over *again*.

(*Farflutte.*)

I thought it not bearable that a *French* Marshal,
 should out swear a B——sh M——ch any
 more than be thought to *out fight Him*.

I cou'd remark on his sacred M——ty's
 giving the Word of Command in Person, and
 charging at the Head of his invincible Troops,
 a great many parallel Instances mentioned by
Homer. But poor *Eustathius's* Notes have been so
 forag'd and plunder'd already, that it would be
 a Shame to *Steal, Encore*,

(*Beau.*)

Hit or miss—from antient Author or *modern*
Scribe, a Poet will borrow *Wit*, when he cant
 borrow *Money*, forgive me gentle E——l of
 G—— for robbing one, who has rob'd the
 World besides.

To

To Miss *Parker*, with *Milton's Paradise Lost*. Written during my Courtship.

OF *Female Frailty* I complain no more,
What *Eve* to *Mankind* *Lost*—you may to me
restore.

Written in her Fan, on which was painted a
Patridge.

JUNO her Peacocks had—the cooing Dove
Was the chos'n Fav'rite of the Queen of Love,
Own'd by so fair and so divine a *Belle*,
Thou happier Patridge—dost *them both* excell.

Note, here is *Waller's* Tea turn'd topsy turvy,
and cook'd up in a *Chamber-pot*.

To Mr. *Clarke*, at *Badminton*, who by
playing a Sonata of *Corelli's* brought me
down Stairs from my then favourite
Cloe.

OF *Orpheus's* Harp no more (I prithee) tell,
Which might have brought *Eurycide* from
Hell,

To

To thee far greater Energy is giv'n,
For thou has brought me from the *bighest Heav'n*,

(Clarke.)

This Man was Pimp and Musick Master to his late *G——* of *B——t* of famous Memory, a great Lover of the Church of Queen *Ann*, and also of the afrighted Dr. *Sa——el*. who in those Days cry'd out Fire, Fire, and lo—it was in his Pipe—this Man cou'd make as great a Noise and a *Rumpus* as *Swift's Peter*, but poor *Atterbury* was forc'd to make his Speech.

A Song made at *Knowle* in *Gloucestershire*,
when Mr. *Dawkins* was expected there.

I.

AT *Knowle* I cou'd live all the Year,
For there we both *sing and we love*,
At *Knowle* we have Cher entier,
What cou'd we do more, *if above*.

2.

Then tell me no more of the *Town*,
Nor *Norfolk's* Assembly so bright,
Had *Dawkins* but deign'd to come down,
Faustina her self would I *sight*.

3. The

3.

The Lord of the Mannor is *good*,
Is *generous gallant* and *gay*,
With such sort of Man, oh, I wou'd
Converse to my dying Day.

4.

Then here's a good Health to Miss *Clarke*,
Many Years may He lead a *free* Life,
Dick and I shall be found in *the Park*,
Whenever he gets him a WIFE.

(Sing and Love.)

The snarling Critic's Voice now strikes my Ear, }
Heyday—we'll make the Theft appear, }
As plain as Pikestaff, and as noon day clear. }

What—Sir—you call you call yourself an Author?
by—G—d you are nothing but a down right
Plagiary, and by the same Rule and Concatina-
tion, I will write about it and about it, and
prove that tho' you are called a great Physi-
cian, you can be nothing but a mere Undertaker,
for you *strip* both *the living and the dead*.

(Found in the Park.)

This Observation is the Bantling of long Ex-
perience, and I hope will prove a Warning, to
all

all younger Brothers whether Protestant or Catholic to *push themselves forward* in the World before their elder Brother is ordered by his Bride, to *push them out of Doors*—(an *même temps* I am glad to hear that D——k has found a Hole to put his Head in, near *Henley*—upon *Thames*.)

To Mr. *Packer* written the Day after his Birth Day.

PRO risu hesterno, gratus sum *Juppiter* alme!
 Natales veniant sic mihi sæpe Dies—
Packero eximio multos da *Juppiter* Annos,
 Da Cu——m exiguum, da juvenile Femur—
 Da penem rigidum—circumvolet usque Cupido
 Et *Flacci* jocus—ac *Anacreontis* Amor.

To Mr. *Packer* at *London*, after I had had a Fever.

1.

QUOTH Death, what makes you thus to grieve,
 Altho' so near I stand,
 'Cause I of *Winchcomb* han't ta'en leave,
 Hold of your Clay—cold Hand.

2. At

2.

At *Dennington* let's quaff our Bowls,
(Fair *Rosamond's* blest Bow'r,)
Our Bodies shall be chang'd to Souls,
And we'll defy your Pow'r.

A Rhapsody, The *Lambourn* Hares written
at *Upton* Court.

1.

SINCE *Lambourn* Hares are fav'd by Frost,
And since w're met together,
We'll swear and dance and sing and toast,
And ne'er regard the Weather.

2.

Largely lay on the pollard Oak,
Let's make a jovial Fire.
Now is the Time to sport a joke
And gratify Desire.

3.

The Muses too behold descend,
Aid thou cœlestial Pow'r!
To make each tuneful *Maid our Friend*,
We'll make each Muse—a *W—e*.

4. What

4.

What *Jove* and *Mars* had never done,
 Thro' all their sprightly Tricks,
 Poetic Rage we'll make our own,
 Of *Wit the Standard fix*.

(Largely lay on.)

Ligna super Focum largè reponens. ——— Hor:

(Maid our Friend.)

As all Folks except the covetous and 'Change-Brokers affect the Character of Wit and Humour, here I have struck out a new Light. Now I have open'd the *shortest* and *sweetest* Way of becoming a Poet *tout d'un coup*—without the Fatigue of reading *Horace's* Art of Poetry in the original Lord *Roscommon's* Translation, or *Boileau's* *fade* Imitation.

(Of WIT the Standard fix.)

This in the original Text was as obscene as somebody's shower of Bricks, when pronounc'd by some hot and *match-like Welchman*—but fearing to give the chaste a Box in the Eye, (*souslet aux yeux*) I spoilt the Epigram, by pulling the Sting out of its Tail, and caus'd it to suffer *Castration*, in order to please the modest female Reader—but methinks I hear some jocosè Man say—

fay—Phy—Phy—Doctor!—I thought you had known better, than to offer any Thing *castrated* to the Lady's, sure you don't remember the devilish Passion *Eeloisa* was in ' when she scream'd out as loud as an oyfter Wench.

' Methinks the bleeding Victim still I see,
' And Love's, warm Tide *forever stop't*—in *Thee*.

These two original Lines Mr. *Pope* has omitted in his last Editions, perhaps he had a Fit of the Cholic, or perhaps a Qualm of Conscience, which makes Cowards of us all—e'en just as Modesty turns Wits, into *Witlings*, of whose relax'd *pia Mater* are born those Slinks of Poetry, register'd for half an Hour in the Bills of Mortality. Or lastly perhaps Mrs *B——t* did not like to hear of that—which she never felt—for the sober Reader may reflect, that the *Tide* does not flow so high, as *Twickenham*.

1.

L'autre jour *Isabelle*

Veint me trouver dans mon Caveau,
Au même Temps qui pour Elle
J'allois piercer du vin nouveau.

2.

L'amour au coup d'Aile,

Ayant eteient le Flambeau,
Je fis, je fis—à cette Bellè,

Ce qui,—j'allois faire—au Tonneau.

E

The

The above Epigram translated at the Request of a Lady of Quality.

I.

JENNY came the other Day,
For Wine to avoid Reproach,
I said if she'd a Moment stay,
A fresh Cask I wou'd *Broach*.

2.

Love with his Wing put out the Light,
No Questions did I ask,—wanting
But instantly I took her *by't*,
And serv'd her—as I *meant the Cask*.

(Broach.)

Luckily whilst I disputed within myself and ruminated whither I should use the Word *Broach* or *Pierce*, I met a Wine Cooper who resolv'd me, for said *he* to *pierce*, means only to put in a Gimlet, to *Broach*—to whip the *Cock in*.

To

To Miss *Sawyer*, who came to *Sunning-Hill-Well's* but every other Day.

SINCE constantly on you to gaze,
Must hurt the strongest Sight,
Alternately you point your Rays,
Then kindly bring *on Night*.

An Answer to *Jemmy Dawkins*, when he
said you are mad to attempt riding.

THIS is the Time to go from hence,
I beg, Sir you'd believe me,
Take care I don't regain *my Sense*,
None—but the *mad* wou'd leave ye,

(This is the Time.)

The Transaction happen'd at *Rusley*, where was
also in Company the late most agreeable Lord
Craven—that second *Titus*.

' A generous Patriot, an unbiass'd Pier,
' Accept—Lov'd Shade—this *overflowing Tear*;

To

To the Scriblers on *Pope's* Death in the
News Papers.

CEASE ye prophane! thus to disturb His Ghost—
By writing Nonsense on Him—ev'ry Post,
No Tribute to his Manes need be paid,
By his own Works—*long since immortal made,*
Those *Laurels* crown'd his Brow—which ne'er
can fade. }

On seeing a copper Plate of Dr. *Cheyne*, ill
done.

NATURE and *Vandergutch* in *this* agree,
Unfinish'd she *had* left Him—so has *He*.

To Mrs. *Skey's* Son and Daughter, written
at *Sunning-Hill*.

TO make the Distribution fair,
The Difference we'll split,
Her Mother's *Beauty* she shall share,
And you possess her *Wit*.

Retornello

Retornello Address'd to the D. of M—u.

1.

AN Angel's Form thy *Youth* did bless,
 All **H**ER superior did confess,
 And praise thy *blooming* Happiness. }

2.

As Years advanc'd—thy judgment shone,
 In Arts, in Arms, in Councils known—
 Greater in *all*—than *most* in *one*. }

3.

Much for thy King, thy Country *more*,
 No upstart Minister disgrac'd thy Door,
 True Merit gain'd—and keeps thy Pow'r. }

4.

Thy Honours *late* may'st thou possess,
 All **T**HREE superior shall confess,
 And praise thy *Hoary* Happiness. }

Da Capo.

(Note) I need not mention to the learned Reader, that *Horace's* 'Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt' 'Tibi mores, is here the leading Card, and to the unlearned, I may talk with the Tongue of Men and Angels

—to no Purpose.

On

On Miss *Atkins's* walking in the *Mall*, with
gold fring'd Slippers, written at the Re-
quest of Capt. *Robert Poyntz*.

— *Uno avulso non deficit alter*

Aureus.

— — — *Virg.*

WAS'T not sufficient that your iv'ry Skin,
Your *blue* bewitching Eyes and graceful
Mein,

Already had secur'd you many a Heart,
What needed then—this *useless* piece of Art?
Thus to expose is scarce an *honest* Game,
Of that a Sample which—I do not Name.
The Angler bent to catch his finny Prey,
First counterfeits the *Shining* Fly of *May*—
By Lines of *Hair* the Fish are taken—lo!
And Men shall *rise*—if thus you *poach*—I *trow*!
The skilful Shotman resolute to kill,
The tow'ring Pheasant, Woodcock long of Bill,
Of Steel high polish'd, bids his Gun be made,
The cost of *golden* Touchole's soon repaid,
Unerring Fires proclaim the latent Or—
And dying Birds confess it's magic *Pow'r*.

(Blue Eyes.)

Having been so happy hitherto to escape the
Lightning of this Lady's Eyes, I cannot be po-
sitive as to their *exact* Colour—this I know—that
Homer,

Homer, tho' *blind* — seems vastly delighted with *Blue Eyes*, and therefore I have described her's as such.

It is worthy Notice — that the most *animated* and *picturesque* Descriptions of a *perfect* Woman, we owe to two *blind* Men, which far excell those of their *seeing* Devotes.

I am just come from quoting *Homer* — *Milton's Eve*, with her soft attractive Grace is greatly superior in Poetry, to any Painters *Venus* on Canvas — tho' *these* are one and the same Thing if we credit *Horace*.

Poesis

Est Pictura loquens, mutum Pictura Poema.

I chuse here to name a third blind Man Professor *Saunderson*, who by feeling a *Wenche's* Face, wou'd paint each Feature with more Exactness than either, *H* — *F* — *ch*, or myself, tho' both
 γυναικηκεῖπκοὶ καὶ γυναικηφιλοὶ.

(By Lines of Hair.)

This comes very near Mr. *Pope's* Diction in the Rape of the Lock. He seems to be very fond of Hair, as thus.

' And Beauty draws us, with a single Hair,'
 And elsewhere ' Hairs less in Sight.'

But

But I humble conceive that this Gentleman went
but *little further*.

‘ Little Legs, and little Thighs,’
And a Thing, of *little Size*, &c.

However,

Est quoddam prodire *tenuis*, — si non dater *ultra*
lege *intra* — meo Periculo — *Hor.*

To Dean *B——n*, at *Reading*, who
complain’d that the Church - Wardens
had *over* beautify’d the Body of St.
Mary’s.

WAS’T not sufficient—say’d the frugal Dean,
T’have made St. *Mary’s* only neat and clean.
The Chancel now must *equally* be fine,
And your Expence serves—but to *beighten* mine,
‘ A stately Pile King *Solomon* bade rise,
‘ But in *so* doing—He was not quite wise.

‘ Who

Who reads the Scripture quickly understands,
 ' God dwelleth not in *Temples*—made with *Hands*:

Acts Chap.—

Epitaph written in the Year 1722, when
 I went to *Jamaica*.

H. S. E.

JOHANNES WYNTER,—M. D.

In Agro Sommersetsensi
Stemmata generoso admodum Natus—
Qui quicquid erat in Antecessoribus
Conspicuum, et illustre,
Sedulò evitabat,
Nil non Ludricrum, et facetum,
Pro virili æmultatus est.
Varia Indolis satis fœlicis Specimina edidit—
Judicii nulla—
Rerum nec sacrarum, neque Civilium Studiosus
Suum cujusque cùm Regem, tum Religionem
Facile reliquit—
Homines facetos—perpolitosque Socios sibi
Adjungi voluit,
Ex ejusmodi enim Sodalitio
Aliquid aut Emolumenti,
Aut Saltem Voluptatis
Sensit derivari—

F

Quicquid

Quicquid in Arte Medicâ cognovit, id omne Patrono suo semper amando Johanni Freind, M. D. acceptum retulit;

*Cujus cum Concilio tum Exemplo incitatus,
Medicinam plenius degustavit
Quam,—si Negligentiam ejus spectes,
Facile credideris——*

Obiit——

(Epitaph.)

Had I luckily died in *Jamaica*, my Physic-Master had promised me to record this amongst the Genius's in *Westminster Abby*, by which Means, I had *jump'd* into Immortality, instead of fighting my Way to it, thro' the dirty Defilees of Physic and Poetry.

The γυναι σεντων so much talk't of by Antient Philosophers and Poets, as a *most difficult Lesson* is in my Opinion *most easy*, what *Horace* says,
' *Videò meliora proboque*
' *Deteriora sequor* ——— proves this evidently and shows that He was so far (*absit verbis Invidia*) like my self, (*viz.*) *sensible* of his Faults, but cou'd not mend them.

As to the γυναι σεντων's coming immediately from Heaven, I absolutely deny it——because 'tis come to me.

A Tale written on Ship-Board.

1.

IN *Virgil's* sacred Work's we find,
Passions disturb the Heav'nly Mind.
None can a *Rival* Goddess bear
As this short Tale will make appear.

2.

When *Venus* on the liquid Plain,
Another *Deity* of the Main
Espy'd——to *Neptune* freight She ran,
And thus with coaxing Smiles began,

3:

You know, Sir, I was born at Sea,
This is my *Birthright*——who is *She*,
That dares insult me——in *this Place*?
Nay throw her Brats too——in my Face?

4.

I beg you'd drown them out of Hand,
Venus shall be at your Command
The God reply'd——first kis't the fair,
I can't——her Piety's *Jove's* chiefest Care

5. I'm

5.

I'm sorry You shou'd be deny'd,
 But *Mentor's* self's appointed Guide,
 Who to fulfill great *Jove's* Command,
 Appears like *Eaton*, with one Hand.

(Note.) This Tale is too plainly *Virgilian* to require any Sort of Criticism, and the Female Jealousy interwoven in the Fibre of their Composition, the *Warp* and the *Woofe* of the Fair are too well known, too frequently exercised, for their own Peace, and their Rivals.

On a Lady with whom I fell in Love, and
 ruin'd Her and Myself.
 In Imitation of some Part of *Horace's Integer Vitæ*, &c.

1.

CARELESS to Sun-burnt Climes I go,
 And *Phæbus's* fiercest Rays despise,
 No other Fires can make me glow,
 But those which dart from *Celia's* Eyes.

2.

Place me, where Rivers cease to flow,
 Confin'd in Icy Chains,
 Place me, on Hills of Alpine Snow,
 Where everlasting *Winter* reigns.

3. Place

3.

Place me, beneath the Torrid Zone,
 Or let me thro' the Deserts rove,
 To human Footsteps yet unknown,
 Of *Cælia* will I sing, and *Cælia* will I love.

Note, this Ode has been like a *Drury-Lane* Whore, enjoy'd by every Body.—The Truth wou'd furnish a Volume as large as *Cassandra*, and wou'd appear equally Romantic——But—who is to write it? He, who only knows it *feelingly*, has neither *Heart*, *Hands* or *Eyes*, that will suffer him to *renovare* so melancholly, so moving an *Histoire* :—Farewel gentle Ghost! Thy Beauty was thy Bane and mine——But, who cou'd help it?——it must be so——for what says *Juvenal*?

——Rara adeò est concordia *Formæ*
Atque Pudicitie.

PASQUINADE.

Laudate Pueri Dominum!

QUOTH *Johnny* to *Daddy*—since now you're
 in Pow'r,
 I hope in *Bath* City you'll not leave a *W—re*,
 Little *Frank* to the Drabs was *too mild* and *too good*,
 But the *feminine Gender* I ne'er understood.

To

To Mr. L—

IN getting Maidenheads, to get the *Pox*,
What is't but *breaking open Pandora's—Box?*

This Person is chiefly known to Misses under *Twelve*, and the Reason he gives for these Intrigues is—that he would deal in a Commodity which must daily *mend upon his Hands*—So I have heard Sportsmen say, they chuse to buy a *lean Horse*, because he is improvable, will *burnish*, and carry a *good Coat* by and by.

The Contraste.

FOR two long Years, in Goal confin'd,
Empty my Purse, disturb'd my Mind,
With low liv'd Fools condemn'd to dwell,
Did it not resemble ——— *Hell?*
To visit *Upton* leave is giv'n,
Does it not resemble *Heav'n?*

Advice

Advice to Mr. *Perkins*, after a most acute
Feaver, which was judg'd the third
Day.

I'M going, Sir, to dirty *Theal*,
To purchase there a well-fed Eel,
And something else — you know my Mind,
A pretty little *Lafs* — — that's kind.

I'd have you likewise *change* the Scene,
And go to *Aldermarston Green*,
There diff'rent Objects you will see,
And tast of sweet Variety:

Hear *Harry Boyle*, like Sky-lark sing,
And *D—k—a* say — not *one good Thing*:
Variety's the Soul of Bliss,
Rejecting that — we take up this.

From hence to *Padworth* you'll repair,
See *B—r* young, and *H—b* fair,
Both please the *Eye*, — both charm the *Ear*. }

Alternately then with 'em dance,
Give one a squeeze — and one a glance —
I always was, and am your Friend,
Your Caution highly I commend. —

Your

Your Stream of Passion to divide,
 The Banks might blow — if in ONE Tide
 It flow'd — *such* Love might break your Rest,
 But, if *she's* kind — 'tis past a Jest.

Then *all all all* Her's *You* must be,
 For Ladies deal not IN SYNECDOCHE.

B O Y L E

This Gentleman's agreeable Manner of Singing, his genteel comic Action, I'll leave a Subject for some other Bard : as to *D—k—a*, He is no Admirer of *Wit*, nor Performer on the Jews-Harp, but a great Dealer in *Strong Beer*, of which, Providence has sent him Plenty.

(Alternately.)

Of all the Stratagems practic'd to gain the reluctant Fair, I, (God forgive me) in my Youth found this the most successful, (*viz.*) seeming to prefer another, to Coquet it with *A*, when my aim was at *B*, the insensible Gradations of Pique and Rivalship, soon hamper their Affections, so like a Doe, caught in the Harness, the more they struggle, the more they are confin'd. — Well, says Master Pope, "Women are extreamly fond of Place." But, had He been as *deeply* — read in the Sex, as I've been, he would have found, that the second Place in the Beloved's Heart, is but a Hell — upon Earth — to them.

Synecdoche

(Synecdoche.)

A Figure in Rhetoric, repudiated by every *Female* in all Nations, from the rising of the Sun, to the going down of the same.

Viro amicissimo Ricardo Simeon Causidico
Redingenfi. J. W. S. P. D.

Quas statuas tibi ponam, vir charissime, quas
Gratias tibi agam, quibus se prosequar Honori-
bus, qui *Libertatem* mihi cunctis potiore Metallis
reddidisti?

Me tamèn, post tot, tantaque accepta Benefi-
cia *INGRATUM* fortasse dicet Vulgus profanum,
quoniam Uxori tuæ, pulchræ quidèm sed imbe-
cilli; (Hulso et *Haringtono* incassum Scribentibus,) *Salutem Integram* restituerim.

G

At

At non Tu——Spero——mî *Simeonâ*.

Quicquid mihi superest brevis ævi, non in Vanis Cavillationibus, non in Theoriis, (uti vocant) Philosophicis, sed in in Hominum Vitis conservandis infumam. * Relictâ vel *Jenny, Ebeu!*—Amplexibus Ferisii Armstrongque jamdudum illaqueatâ—quibus Robur atque Mars triplex circa *Dorsum* supersunt——

Convenit tamen Genio paululùm indulgere, dulce est interdùm desipere in Loco, circumvolent aliquando (Te tuoque Avunculo faceto confedentibus) Risus, Jocus, et Cupido—nec desint de die in Diem Lepores, faleattico imbuti,—apud *Henricum, Micklewrightumque*, ambos Typographos peritissimos, ambos perpolitos, inveniendi.——

Sic mihi suaviter, placidèque, ad instar *Thamesis* Ripas vicinas alluentis, fluat ætas advesperescens, donec nox adveniat. ista, —— *quæ manet omnes* —— quâ Cœlo descendente, *si nummus* adsit, in Cancellis, juxtâ Fratrem Doctorem Cadaver

* Here you see, the Author robs his Master, who uses the very Words in his Epistle to Dr. *Mead*, whilst He was in the *Tower*; 'tis not laudable to pilfer from one, who gave so liberally.

erit inhumandum, at deficiente *Crumenâ*, in Cæ-
 miterio juxtâ Fratrem, Debitorem—Vale, Cha-
 rum Caput—Dabam è carcere, &c.

Attempted in *English* by the Author.

WHAT Thanks, my dearest Friend—shall
 I return?

To thy Humanity—what Incense burn!
 Who gav'st me *Liberty* by young, and old
 Esteem'd above the Charms,—of * *pow'rful Go'd.*

To no one Man 'tis giv'n—to please you all,
 The vulgar then may me—*Ungrateful* call,
 'Cause your fair Wife, I eas'd of all her Pain,
 When *Hulse* and *Harington* had wrote—in vain—
 But *You*—dear Sir—I hope—do not complain. }

* ————— *Potentius*
Ictu fulmineo ———

Hor.

Whate'er remains of my unhappy Life,
 I shall not waste in *learned* Noise—and Strife,
 But—Heav'n so favour this *one good* Intent
 In doing *Good*—to all the World—be spent—
 Ev'n *Fenny* left—that Scourge, of jealous *Bess*,
 Whom *F*, and *A*, alternately cares—
 From Backs, of *Steel*—she's taught t' expect
 no less.

But Nature, Sir, must not be *over* preft,
 Convenient 'tis sometimes to sport a Jest,
 With laughing *Harry*—*Avery* the gay,
 Yourself and I could pass a jovial Day—
 And shou'd we mix, that humane mortal *Gore*,
 With gen'rous *Boyle*, the Fates cou'd grant no more.

Let now and then an Epigram be writ,
 With much good Nature Fraught, and *little Wit*—
 This *Henery* shall print, or *Micklewright*,
 Both *Skilful* Typographs—both Men polite.

So may the Ev'ning—of my short'ning Days,
 (Nor seeking Riches—nor deserving Praise)
 Glide—like the gentle *Thames*, that gilds the
 Shore,
 'Till this Life's idle Business shall be o'er,
 'Great *Freind* forgot—and *Tbou* belov'd no more.'

Then

Then, if there's Affets left—may humble I,
 B' a Brother *Doctor*—in the *Chancel*—lye——
 If none——Physician poor, and poorer *Bard*,
 B' a Brother *Debtor*—in the cold *Church-yard*.

Adieu.

(Note) How far I have succeeded in blending the Horatian, with the Terentian Style, and thereby making a Sort of a blanch-manger for the Critic's Digestion, I leave to the candid's Decision—I look on an Attempt to faulter with the Morose, and Bilious Cynic as a fruitless Endeavour, to tame the *Hyæna*—or in other Words to live ' *au L'enseigne du Temps perdue*—Can the *Æthiopian* change his Skin, or the *Leopard*—his Spots, then may they, that judge ill, begin to judge right?——

(*Fenny*) a faithful Servant,—till she saw a Plumber of *Reading*——and then like Mrs. *Eve* * chang'd her Mind, and march'd off the Ground with Him, leaving me in *Goal*.——

Hypernote.

* See the Orphan.

(*Befs*)

(*Bess*) the Plumber's Wife.——

(*Great Freind*) Dr. *John Freind*,—nulli, nisi
Hippocrati secundus, primoque tantum non par—

Cui suas Artis, sua Dona lætus,
Et Lyram,——et Venæ salientis Ictum
Scire concessit, celerem et medendi
Delius Usum.

(*Brother Doctor*) Dr. *Burd* newly buried.---

Out-Lines of some Physicians of *Bathe*, sow'd
into a coarse Piece of *Kersey*, call'd *Celsus's* Ghost,
woven by a Man of the Sword——Col. R——y

Unus et alter

Affuitur Pannus, cum *Lucus*, et ara Dianæ,
Et properantis aquæ per amænos ambitus agros
Aut Flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.
Hor.

Loquitur Ghost.

' **T**O pass by *Bave's* great *Courtesy*,
' His artfull Skuttle—from a *Fee*,
' Refusing *one*—He picks up *three*.

}
' Let

- ‘ Let nought of C —y’s *Works* be said,
- ‘ By *which*, ’tis plain,—H’as *mine* ne’er read.
- ‘ Nor *Wynter*’s Pride and Affectation,
- ‘ Nor for the *Greeks* his boasted Passion,
- ‘ *Freind*’s Ape in distant Imitation.
- ‘ Nor *Beeston*’s Head on titter totter,
- ‘ His Senses drown’d in Cin’mon Water,
- ‘ By Force of which, i’ll Justice do—God wot—
- ‘ More—than *the* rest e’er *knew*---He *has* forgot.

(Refusing one.)

I never apprehended that this Person was a great Classic or *Grecian*; but it happens sometimes, that Men follow the *Maxim* of some great Writer, thro’ Instinct,—as He did that of *Terence*, who says ‘ *Pecuniam negligere in Loco, aliquandò maximum est Lucrum.*’

This Professor was however, a Man of much *Humanity*,—for I have often heard him in Consultations which I had the Honour to attend, propose the *Ευδαιμονία*. which I always came into.

I take this Opportunity of thanking the present unmatched and undescribable Sett for their refusing me a *Subscription*, when in Prison, whereas had I remain’d at *Bathe* they must know that neither of them wou’d have had a Guinea to bestow from their Family.

(H’as mine ne’er read.)

This is so Self-evident a Truth from the Je-junness and Crudity of the *Scribler*, that I drop it.
(BEESTON)

(B E E S T O N)

This Gentleman had been *et Medicin, et Esprit à Londre*,—Whenever you met Him, his constant Speech was — “ Good God, a *Batbe* Practitioner, is like a *Dog in a Wheel*,” He had tir’d me so often with the *Crambe*, that I very ill-natur’dly said, “ I fear *Doctor*, your *Practice* is “ quite *so* — for I don’t find, You gain the least “ *Ground*. ! ”

Dubby Dick, Decroteur of *Reading*, was employ’d to trim Mr. *Cashin*’s Mare, but *Atropos* chang’d the Scissars, and put her own in their Stead ; this Cheat cou’d not be discern’d by any, but *Poetic Eyes* ; nor cou’d the *impending* Mischief have been averted by Mortal Man, — ’twas FATE, — The Mare’s Time was come, and she must dye, as will, by the Sequel, appear.

———— *Sororum*
Fila trium patiuntur atra. ————— Hor.

I.

WHILST *Dubby Dick*, with Scissars keen,
 Did trim the Mare of *John Cashin*,
 There ’rose a *fatal* Strife ;
 The Beast, and He ;
 Cou’d not agree,
 He cut *her Thread*, of *Life*.

Then

II.

Then — *Dubby Dick* — the *Cor'ner* swore,
Shou'd never be his Ecu'yer more; —
But why this mighty Pother?
If He thinks fit,
On's Mare to sit,
He need not — see a *Brother*.

III.

Beside, — good Folks, — 'twas ATROPOS,
That cheated *Dubby Dick* — that's pos —
And play'd him this base Trick. —
She put the Scissars in his Hand,
What mortal Pow'r cou'd *Them* withstand?
“ Alas — poor *Dubby Dick* ! ”

(Beast.) Here remark the strong, but imperceptible Influence of *Fate*, working and dissolving even that *Sympathy*, which *Nature* has implanted between Brute-beings, of which the Poet also takes Notice, where He says,

“ Sævis inter se convenit Urfis ”
Consule etiam Homerum, de *Parcis*, passim,
Si *Possis* Greece — si non — tunc utere POPO.

H

To

To Mr. J. Cashin, on His being made
Surveyor of the Turnpike Road, — near
Reading.

WILST *You* — the public Ways o'ersee,
And *mend*, with Grip, and Stone, —
Give Ear — I speak without a Fee,
Take Care — to *mend* — *your own*. —

This is but a Sort of *jeu des mots*, and I can't
brag much of it — only, as the Regent said,
on another Occasion.

“ Il donne pourtant de bon Conseil.”

“ I give J. C. good Advice, I wish He may
“ take it for the Good of his Soul.”

BALLAD. Written at Mr. Cokburne's,
Tottenham High-Cross, soon after that
on *Molly-Mogg*.

Odi Imitatorem — servum Pecus. —

I.

DEAR *Doctor* — I prithee discover,
The Cause of your Sadness, and Sighs,
That you whine and you pine like a Lover,
At *Tott'nam* — I saw *Mrs. Vise*.

Tho'

II.

Tho' you stuff me with ev'ry good,
 With Burgundy, Sack, and Mince-pies,
 Do You think — I am not Flesh and Blood,
 Or am blind to the Charms, of *fair Vise*?

III.

Where the Apple again to be giv'n,
 And ——— I to dispose of the Prize,
 Not to *Venus* ——— herself, by all Heav'n,
 Wou'd I give it ——— but to *Mrs. Vise*.

IV.

As oft as *She* goes to the Church,
 To the Parson, *She* turns up her Eyes,
 I fear then ——— I'm left in the Lurch,
 And I shall lose sweet *Mrs. Vise*.

V.

When *John* comes in about sev'n,
 He says — Sir, — 'tis high time to 'rise,
 Pray *John*! — let m'enjoy a Fool's Heav'n, —
 I'm *dreaming* — of *blooming Miss Vise*.

VI.

Oh Sir! — Doctor *Hulse* lives hard by, —
 I'll call Him, — that he may *advise*, —
 Poh *John*! — *Love* does *Doctors* defy,
 None can cure me — but dear *Mrs. Vise*.

VII.

But, should *She* my Passion disdain,
 Regard nor my Vows — nor my Cryes,
 In the *Mote* I will drown all my Pain,
 And so bid *Adieu* to cold *Vise*.

(*Doctors* defy) Poor *John* was also no *Classic*, for if so, He would have recollected, that most windy *Suspirium*, or pathetic *Eructation*, of even the *God of Physic*.—

“ *Hei mihi ! quod nullis amor est medicabilis Herbis.*”

But he was not the worse *Servant*, for not being a *Scholar*. —

(Note)

To sing *Molly Mog*, a *Leashe* did unite,
 But, I *single-handed*, have *out-run* 'em quite.

(Note upon Note)—This Word *single-handed*, is much us'd by *Sportsmen*, and is apply'd, to the running of *one* *Greyhound* at a time, which made me keep the *Sport* in *View*, and say *OUT-RUN*, instead of *Out-done*, *Out-shine*, *Out-cut*, or any Thing more or less *Out-ragious*.

Advice to Dame *Lyndsey*, just as her new
 House was finish'd at *Bathe*.

TO *right'ous Kitty*, send — dear *Dame* !
 The *Consequence* explore,
 She shall engage the *Belles* — of *Fame*,
 The *Nickers* — w^{ad} before.

(*Nickers*)

(*Nickers*) This was a can't Word of the famous
 C—— G——m, of whose odd turn'd Wit, and
 Humour I cou'd say much, — of his H——y, *pas*
un mot. — But not being deeply skill'd in his
Aegyptian Idiom, I can't clearly explain the mean-
 ing of the Word, — only guess,

“ That it can mean *no Good*.” —

Lord O——d ; or the P——t Shew.

1.

CARELESS am I, tho' *John* fell down,
 And simple S——ds has broke his Crown,
 To make the Town some Laughter ;
 As little *Jack*,
 Fell on his Back,
 When *Gill* came jumping after.

2.

To *real* Patriots let us toast,
 Whether or P——m rules the Roast,
 Or O——d's Hand behind the Scene,
 (As many say,
 Before to-day)
 Directs the *Dance* of the *Machine*.

Punch enters in a *Hussar* Dress, and having
 kick't his *Cap* about the Stage, struts off in order
 to drink Coffee, and to consult *Ways* and *Means*,
 how

how to stop the low'd Bellowings of One of His Opposers, — After much Debate, *pro* and *con*, it was resolv'd, that this *Calf* should, “ *Illicò nasci Ox.*”

And as a certain Mark of this instantaneous *Metamorphose*, — “ He was thenceforth to carry,” “ *Bovem in Linguâ.*”

Blackguard Ballad, —

To the Tune of *Chagres-Castle*,

Address'd to A——l V——n, on his leaving a Crown to be distributed among *twenty-four* Debtors, being appriz'd of the Number.

1.

YE Britons draw near,
You quickly shall hear,
I'll tell you a Thing, that's most rare,
How V——n the Rich,
Like a Son of a B——h,
Left only a *Crown* at the *Bear*. (Reading)

2.

Tho' Plenty of Pelf,
H'as got for Himself,
He'll part with no Cole as you see,
Which made 'em to stare,
And likewise to swear,
“ That a niggardly S——l was He.”

Then

3.

Then *V*———*n* no more,
 Shall b' huzza'd, as before,
 No Bonfire, no ringing of Bell,
 But since He's come o'er,
 Like a Son of a *W*———*re*!
 Go back to *Jamaica* or *H*———*ll*.

4.

Then, *Ipswich* forbear!
 His Conduct to clear,
 Or drink His Health in a *full Glass*,
 For if you so do,
 D———n him and you too,
 He's return'd — without killing — *Don Blas*.

Please to remark, that after having imitated Lord *Rochester's*, Mr. *Waller's*, and other great Poets Manner, with some Degree (I hope) of *Success*, I now have thrown myself a Volunteer Head-long into the Mud of *Fleet-ditch*, and there am hooping and hollowing (some call it invoking) after the *Nereids* of that Cloaca, ——— ever mindful of, notwithstanding, ever attentive to, that most incomparable Precept, of the great Mr. *Pope*, where he says,

“ For diff'rent Styles, with diff'rent Subjects sort,
 “ As several Garbs, with *Country Town*, and *Court*”

N. B.

N. B. Mr. Poney had no Hand in this *choice* Piece, tho' I hereby acknowledge, with suitable Thanks, the many Pleasures which I have enjoy'd in his facetious Company, both above and under-ground, of which, more hereafter in my WILL.

A T A L E.

In Imitation of *Horace's* "Vitas
"Hinnileo," &c.

I

CHLOE survey'd the Tyger's Cage,
And chanc'd to stop *too* near,
Whether inspir'd by Lust or Rage,
It does not yet appear.

II

Or whether hunting by the *smell*,
Her Petticoats he tore,
And that reveal'd about which dwell,
Les Jeux, les Ris, et les Amours.

III

Chloe from hence, commenc'd *half* Prude,
From a *Coqueting* Flurt,
And fancy'd, if a Man was rude,
That tender Part He'd hurt.

But

4.

But think not, dearest *Chloe*! I

Wou'd *break* thy lovely Frame,
Nor out of Fear m' *Embraces* fly,
I'd only *Broach*—that fame.

(Cage) I am very peevish, that this History is only true in *Part*, and that the *Tyger* had not been a H——n, with this Motto THROUGH; this Accident took Place in K——g——n Garden.

(Fancy'd) This must be a Sort of *Lunacy*, or Reversion of the Firelock of that Part of the Brain, which Anatomists call the *Sensorium Commune*, since the Intrusion into this (*αποδυστησιον*) or *Avenue*, means only to avoid a long Circulation, in order to reach the *Corculum*—by Way of the Eyes, or Ears—for (quicquid reclament Chirurgi et Deseccantes) I hold with the Poet, who says, ' *This Way—leads directly—to the Heart.*'

(BREAK) Here the Word *Frangere* (in the Original) is translated *Literally*—now tho' I own Master *Horace* an *Adept* in *Poetry*, yet I find Him quite a *Tyro* in *Anatomy*, for if we admit the Existence of the Membrane called *Hymen* (much indeed disputed by the Knife-men) then it follows, as an *Axiom* ' that something ' must be *broken* besides the Commandment, be-
I ' fore

fore the Party can be said to be *broach'd,*)
 (vide Explanationem hujus verbi suo Loco) and
 also *Chambers's* Dictionary in the Letters *VIRG.*
 where you will find an unparalled, and *sangui-*
fluus Complaint exhibited against JAMES MU-
 DONT *by the Matrons, &c. &c. &c.* Q:

Reply of a thirsty Divine to Lord *Ab——n*
 On my Lords shewing Him an *Ostrich.*

Rhymify'd.——

LOOK, learned Doctor—here's the Bird,
 That *Iron* eats—they say—
 'Tis true,—and oh! I fear—my Lord,
 H'as eat your *Cellar-Key*—

See *Pliny*, et alios.—

Second Thoughts are best.—

A Sort of a *disjointed* Tale,

In a Manner, *quite new.*—

AND now the Day was come—to wed,
 Make in the *Hall*—the genial Bed—

When

When *Toby* shot—quite thro' his Head—
Of Lead—a pistol Ball—

The Lady—in her Coach was fate
Unconscious of the * BIRTH of Fate,
Expecting her intended Mate—
And there till Doomsday she might waite,
For he came not all.

' Now whether she might have turn'd out,
' With SMALL—or Mouth of SPARROW,
' I wist not—this no Man can doubt,
' That His ESCAPE was NARROW.

(Note) The Irregularity of this Piece is by Rule, nay, it is an Exemplification of a Rule, as one before has done.

' *And ten dull Words creep slow in one dull Line.*'

This Action was desultatory, and extravagant,
so are the Verses——— The Man shot
Himself thro' the Head—The Lines have neither
Head nor Tail, for *that very Reason*.

(Hall) ' Lectus genialis in aulâ est—

Hence we may infer, that the *Romans*, (the
married ones I mean) lay on the Ground-floor,—

* Z——ds Sir,—how can a *Death*, be a *Birth*—
and trembling at the *Birth* of Fate—Rape of the Lock.

Perhaps, it was intended, that their Wives shou'd be nearer the *Cook-Room*; but the *Greeks*, soon taught them *better Manners*.

(Shot) This Person might possibly have been fav'd, for farther Torture, in the Matrimonial Inquisition; had the *Ball*, (which was not a *Musquet Ball*) been quickly extracted—a proper Injection syringed into the lacerated Parts—and the *Cortex* instantly thrown in, both at the Mouth, and the *Anus*—unless you will come upon me, with the '*Sic Di voluere*,' and thereby put an End to all *slovenly* Practice, and as *slovenly* Scribling.

(With small, or Mouth of Sparrow.)

This Passage brings into my Mind, the glorious Exploits of A——l V——n, when He warp'd thro' the *Boca-chica*,—not *Bocha-grande*—However, I don't apprehend it to be quite agreeable, — unless *both Shores are kept close aboard*.——

On

On the different Turns Men take to make
themselves agreeable.

I.

THINGS which *Legere*, and trifling seem,
Of *Consequence* to make,
By solemn Nod, and *Tone's* the Scheme,
Of some—in Hopes—to take.

2.

Grant, *Jove!* I ne'er may be so blind,
But laugh at Things,—of * PITHE,
O'erlook these solemn nothings,—bind,
Great *Sampson*—in a *Witbe*.

(Note) In this Instance, (I conceive) I've outdone the late ingenious Mr. Gay, who was not quite clear, in this self-proving Axiom, till He arriv'd at the Country, 'from whose Bourne, no Traveller returns'—And does He begin to recollect in *that* Land, 'where all things are forgotten? If so—He but confirms the Adage, '*serò sapiunt Phryges.*'

* See *Shakespear*.

To Miss *Dawson*, written from *Reading Goal*, on *St. George's Day*, on her sending me, a blew Knot, instead of a proper Cross, *for the Day*.

THE Knot, you sent, I needs must say,
 Has giv'n me great Delight,
St. George I honour—in the *Day*,
 Perhaps you choose—the *NIGHT*.

Here permit me with the utmost Gratitude to thank those most noble, and generous *Friends*, who supported me, during two Years Confinement—and to appear (He indeed in Exile, I in Durance) not unlike the great, unfortunate *ATTERBURY*—

‘ Eorum
 Quos colui, Patriæque memor, nec *Degener usquam*.

(The Night.)

I'm afraid we shall be able to prove, (I mean on *circumstantial* Evidence, and by the Aid of a *Court—Decypherer*) that the great Man (*Horace*,) was a *Night-walker*, since He is much given to ing about the Works, of *Darkness*.

(For Example.)

‘ Dum

- " Dum favet *Nox*, et *Venus*.
 " Lenefque sub *Noctem*, susurri
 " Me Tuo, longas, pereunte, *Noctes*,
 " Lydia dormis
 " Da Lunæ properè novæ,
 " Da *Noctis* mediæ
 " *Nocturnis* ab adulteris
 " *Nocturnis* Te Ego Somniis
 " Jàm captam teneo
-

Written at *Reading*.

SEE *Glooe* come down, all in a *Landau*,
 Whilst *Celia* is lying, in B——l, on *Straw*,
 Escorted b' a Captain—all in her *Brocades*,
 Her Beauty who blames? — who her *Conduct*
 upbraids?

'Tis *Mony*, and *Damask* the Character fix,
 But *She*, that is *poor*, is a *damn'd Meretrix*.
 The low Thief's condemn'd, by two, more than
 ten,
 But *Sawny*, and *Juli*—were quite *honest Men*.

The Practice of the World is a Comment
 on the *above* (Two more than ten) This Ver-
 sification puts me in Mind of *Juvenal's*—

- " *Ridenda* Poemata malo,
 " Quam te conspicuæ divina *Philippica* *Famæ*
 " *Volueris à primâ, quæ proxima.*

A Tale, grounded on a Repartee of a Lady
to Sir S---l Garth.

SIR S——l you will pardon me,
Wh' ave *Manners*, Sense, and *Quality*,
In *Family* Affairs to pry.

‘ The Town crys Shame, and so do I,
‘ That You, your Lady *use* quite ill,
‘ A Man well-bred with Wit at will. —

‘ I vow to Gad — you’re now out quite,

‘ I trouble Her not by Day nor *Night*.

‘ My Lady I don’t *use* at all,

“ ‘Tis *that* which makes Her storm and bawl, }

“ THAT’S the *worst Usage* — Sir, of ALL.” }

(Note) Some Men take their Wives, as a Priest
does a fat Benefice ; one takes the Woman’s For-
tune, the other the Parishioner’s Tithes, and then
both Wife and Parish become SINE CURES, *du-
rante Vitâ, tàm non incumbendis, quàm incumbendis.*

ANA-

 ANATHEMA

On my *Taylor*, a Follower of Mr. *W---d*,
for putting me to the Expence of Breeches
Pockets, when the *Draper* would
scarce credit me for the Cloth.

I'M angry, — Sirrah, — not a little,
G—d curse you — what? to rob the *Spittle*!
Oh! may'st Thou *still let fall thy Stiches*,
Who *Pockets* put'st — in *Poets Breeches*,
Did'st ever know a *Wit* — with *Riches*? — }
For this, with Body-Lice to dwell,
I Thee condemn — to thy own HELL;
No Place of Ease, — but tofs, and kick,
Thy Conscience without ceasing, *prick*, —
Each Scrap shall rise, and call Thee *Thief*, —
Nor *Wh* — — — *ld* lend — the least Relief.

(Note) This seems to be a jumble of the Hea-
then and the C———n Mythology. — “ Still
“ let *fall* thy Stiches, (that is, still work on but
“ never finish) and this alludes to the Lady's en-
“ endeavouring to *piss* the Tub full, from which
“ their Water runs out at as many *Holes* as it
“ comes in. And also of *Sycophbus's* rolling his Stone
about — to no *purpose*; as for the other Allusions,
— those I shall chew in my *Bondoire*.

K

Now

Now I've found out, what none of the Commentators, none of the Translators, (not even Mr. *Trapp*) have stumbled in (that is) the exact number of *Holes* in the Tub ——— it must be *forty-nine*, for one Sister, by saving her Deary, sav'd her own Soul, doubtless ——— however, I'm confident, " That she is *immortaliz'd*, in these " Words.

" Una de multis face nuptiali

" Digna perjurum fuit in parentem

" Splendidè mendax, et in omne, Virgo

" Nobulis, ævum. ———

" Surge que dixit — juveni Marito

" Surge, ne longus tibi somnus undè

" Non times detur — focerum et scelestas

" Falle Sorores".

Were it possible to decide which Ode, of *Horace's*, is the highest finish'd — I shou'd give my suffrage for *This* ———

(Note upon Note.)

(*Trapp*) This Man was a Sort of a Squibbling (*viz.*) a sort of a Tail of the Comet (or Boute-feu) Dr. *S——l*, and because He was appointed Professor, of Poetry in the University of *Oxford*, turn'd Poetaster, and so lost his Reputation; just as *Desaguliers* did his Mony, to one of his Disciples, at Billiards, for, said He, " As Billiards " depends on *Mathematical* Principles, and where-
" as,

“ as I am the greatest *Philosopher*, I must be the
 “ *best Player!*” well corollary’d *Desaguliers!*
 I’ faith.—

Spoken off Hand on hearing a Man’s Wife
 dy’d, in a *Moment*.

THRICE happy Man!— sure Fortune ne’er
 was *such*,
 No Pain *she* suffer’d,——Thou art freed from
much,

To *Daniel Mathew, Esq;* at *Windsor*----
 from *Sunning-Hill*.——

——Vitiis nemo sine nascitur, OPTIMUS ILLE
 QUI MINIMIS URGETUR —— ECCE HOMO!

WHILST you, at *Windsor*, see the Cham-
 pions weild
 Their *edgless* Weapons, on th’ *errected* Field;
 (Not as *Semiramis*’s Groves hung high,
 Whose waving Branches seem’d to kiss the Sky.)
 View the brisk Youth, with *British* Ardor fir’d,
 But by *Mulgena*’s Presence more inspir’d,

He

He pants not after *Gold*, but manly *Fame*,
 He waves his *Stick*, with *Art*, and plays a *Game*,
Such, as of old, with *Pleasure*, *Romans* saw,
 Whilst their spread *Eagles* kept the *World* in awe.

This Scene b'ing over, lo the *Courfers* bound!
 And trembling eagerly paw up the Ground,
 Strain in each *Muscle*, swell in e'ry *Vein*,
 Devour the *Course*, and vanish o'er the Plain,
 ADAGIO
 The distant'd Horse see lagging far behind,
 ALLEGRO
 For CARELESS was begotten,— * by the *Wind*.

The next a softer, and more moving Scene,
 (For Night's come, and *Luna* shines † serene)
 The well-lac'd Youth behold! takes out the Fair,
 To dance *French* Dances, with no gallic Air—
 Measures succeed, alike to *Monsieur New*,
 Now the Fair flies, that *Damon* may pursue,
 When having hay'd, and cross'd, fell back, and
 cast,
 She meets Him, in the middle, at the last—
 The Belle, and Beau *reciproque* Joy inspires.
 "Each Musick softens, and each dancing fires."
 The *Brilliants* shine, more shining far their Eyes,
 But *Pink*, and *Silver* bears away the Prize.

* *Vide Homerum.*

† *Nox erat et Cælo fulgebat Luna Sereno.* Hor.

Whilst YOUR'E thus busy'd, and diverted too,
 I'd been, instead of Lawrels, crown'd with *Yew*,
 I'd been, in Absence, quite devour'd, with Spleen,
 And *Penferoso*, ev'n at *Heliocrene*:
 Had not my *Bentley*, to the courtly known,
Bentley, — whom *Phæbus* and the *Muses* own,
 Whose classic Learning—and true *Politesse*,
 Informs the *Judgment*,—and improves th' *Addresse*,
 Had not He interven'd—I'd sigh'd—in Vain,
 But He *diverted* each *impending* Pain,
 With Him conversing,—Fools *alone complain*. }

(Distanc'd Horse.)

Mr. *Pope's* Rule (give me leave to say with
 great Humility) is quite *unnecessary*,—for I always
 found, even in my poor *Versification*, that the
Metre will be as *String-bait*, as the *Subject*.

Now the Fair Flys.)

—me *Galatæa* petit, lasciva Puella,
 Et fugit ad salacēs, et *se* cupit ante *videri*.

(Pink and Silver) Miss *Mathew*, so
 drest, at one Assembly. —

(*Bentley Richard*)

Of this Gentleman, I shall say no more, than
 that ' He has all his Father's Learning, and none
 of his *Starchness*, or *Pedantry*. —

With

(With Him conversing.)

Here see *Milton's* "with Thee conversing, &c." follow'd at that *unbounded Distance*, with which He shall be *forever follow'd*— for *PINDAR* and He are so far alike, that *mutato Nomine*, I must and will say—

"*Miltonum* quisquis studet æmulari—

"*Bentle* ! ceratis, ope *Dedaliâ*,

"*Nititur Pennis, vitrio daturus*

"*Nomina Ponto*"—

"*Monte decurrens velut Amnis, Imbres*

"*Quem, super notas, aluere, Ripas,*

"*Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo*

Miltonus Ore.

Ego —————

————— *Operosa parvus*
Carmina FINGO—*Hor.*

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

NOW I pull off my *Poetical* Breeches, as poor P——k did His *fighting* ones ; but mine I design to be converted into a *Hood* for *Pegasus*, who, (*I am sorry to hear*) has had the *Glanders* ever since Mr. *Pope's* Decease ; Poor *Houynbym* !

A Book, I'm sensible, can be no more a Book without a *Dedication*, *Preface*, and *Postscript*, than a fine Lady can be *full dress'd*, without Her *Tête de Mouton*, *Pannier*, et *Solitaire*.

I have (you see) gone thro' all the Weapons, except *Blanc Verse*, in *which Style*, I wrote once on Miss *Penn Moreton*, and it was well receiv'd ; but that cost me some Trouble. — All Here — (You will easily believe) were written *off Hand*, — “ *Stans pede in uno.* ” Not unlike a Goose.

I have not taken the Leisure (like *Pere Sanadon* with *Horace*) to consider the *Æra*, *Quo Rege*, *quove Consule*, any of these Things were wrote.

Mr. *Pope* and Others, who courted Poetry as a MISTRESS, and as *such*, follow'd her, have taken Pains to let Her know, when their Ideas were most *lively* — When their *Poetic Pulse* was most *riotous*, in order to engage *Her Affection*.

As to MY Part, the Diety was, and is to ME, as a *Valet aux Pieds*, — Nay, sometimes like a *Bailiff*, *She* will attend ME, whether I will, or no.

I am sensible, I have not been capable of Recollecting the least, the thousandth Part of the Rhyme, of which I've been guilty, from whence it follows as a *Corrollary*, that I never intended to be valued for my Versification, since I kept no *Copy* at all. — Nay, I fear, my Subscribers will not be *over rejoic'd* at the *Felicity*, of my Memory. —

I have this Satisfaction, that I have exceeded *Tom Brown*, *D'Urfey*, and *Colly Cibber*, as far as *Congreve*, *Waller*, and *Wycherly*, have exceeded ME.

'Tis

'Tis true, I am not in the Forme of *Childers*, therefore, *have not led the Field*; but, being a *Goodish* *raising Tit*, have come in, (I hope) in a pretty good *Hole*, — but, if being Master of the Classics, will add to my *Foot*, I'm sure I'm a *bottom'd one*, — for I may very justly say to *Horace*, what He says to *Melpomene*.

Quod * *spiro* et placeo, si placeo — Tuum est."

To conclude, if possible (for 'tis Pain and Grief to hold my Tongue) — I've chose that my Sentiments should be eclausif'd by *myself*, and my ingenious Cotemporaries, least some future Critic, who might arise about two Thousland Years hence, should take it in his Head, that I MEANT something, — So they have serv'd *Homer*; they have laid Things to his Charge, which he knew not of; therefore, Well, says Mr. *Fontenellé*, in his Dialogue betwixt *Homer* and *Æsop*.

L

Æsop.

* Here, I'm sorry to say, that all the Commentators *Exotic* and *Indigenas*, have mis-construed the Word *Spiro*: they indeed render it *Vivo*; but I say, I affirm, that *Spiro* means, that whilst He (*Horace*) play'd on the Flute, or some such Sort of Instrument, that He diverted *Metænas* — and the Good Company.

‘ *Æsop*. What ! did you never pretend to im-
 ‘ ply great Mysteries in your Works ?

‘ *Homer*. Alas, not I !

‘ *Æsop*. Why I’m sure all the Vertuosos of
 ‘ my Time, said you did : And there was not
 ‘ a Line in the *Iliads*, nor the *Odyseys*, but they
 ‘ fitted it with the quaintest Allegories in the
 ‘ World. They maintain’d, that there was no
 ‘ Secret in Divinity, natural and moral Phi-
 ‘ losophy, and the Mathematicks to-boot, but
 ‘ was fairly *imply’d* in Your Writings : Some
 ‘ Difficulty indeed there was in unravelling ’em ;
 ‘ and it may be, where one *Sophister* had found
 ‘ a *moral* Meaning, another discover’d a *natural*
 ‘ one. But they agreed in this, that You *knew*
 ‘ all Things, and *said* all Things, to those of an
 ‘ *enlighten’d* Understanding.

12 AP 58

IN



THE FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE
REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE YEAR 1625. THE KING WAS
CROWNED AT WESTMINSTER. HE WAS
THEN Aged Twenty Two Years. HE
WAS A VERY VALIANT AND
COURAGEOUS PRINCE. HE WAS
ALSO A VERY GOOD SOLDIER. HE
WAS A VERY GOOD KING. HE
WAS A VERY GOOD MAN.

HE WAS A VERY GOOD KING. HE
WAS A VERY GOOD MAN. HE
WAS A VERY GOOD SOLDIER. HE
WAS A VERY VALIANT AND
COURAGEOUS PRINCE. HE
WAS A VERY GOOD KING.

HE WAS A VERY GOOD KING. HE
WAS A VERY GOOD MAN. HE
WAS A VERY GOOD SOLDIER. HE
WAS A VERY VALIANT AND
COURAGEOUS PRINCE. HE
WAS A VERY GOOD KING.

IN Page 33 I have given You my EPITAPH, and now it may seem odd, after securing Immortality to myself, that I should condescend to make and publish a WILL, as tho' I was still *Mortal*, — however, it shall be neither so unjust, nor barbarous, as my old Friend C——e's, nor so magnificent and pompous as that of Mr. P——e, nor so *voluminous* as H— G— of M——b's, having *much less* to leave —.

It is true, I have no Real, and but a very small personal Estate, to devise, for which Reason I am more easily persuaded to *venture* on leaving a WILL behind me, being quite assur'd mine will never be disputed, contested or litigated, — nay, I believe it will hardly pay the Prerogative Court Fees, for Registring. — Take it, however, for you'll *take nothing beside* !

I Pantagruel — being of sound Mind, tho' weak in Body, do make this my last Will, in Form and Manner following,

Imprimis, The gold headed Cane, which the *Spanish* Fryar made a Present of to my old war-like

like Friend, the late E. of P. but thro' great Wit, and eating Grapes forgot. I would bequeath to Ad——l L——k, in order to make Him walk *uprightly*, and as He is very *slow* thro' the Gout, to mend his Pace, and *quicken his Motion*.—However having solicited to be made Physician General to the Army, I beg'd my Lord P——'s, *Charging Sword* from his Widow—For, I had heard, it would fight of *its-self* (so Ezekiel's Wheels mov'd) And this I bequeath to the CONFECTIONER.

(*Item,*) The Gold Watch, which was verbally assign'd to me by my learned and comic Friend late of S——y Street, but thro' great Grief left in the *Tomb at Ephesus*.

I would *bequeath* to some peripatetic Brother, that he may be exact to a Minute at *Toms*, in order to bow himself into a Dinner, or if need requires, to *pawn* it.

(*Item,*) My Books neatly gilt, which I purchas'd originally of a timber Merchant in *South-work*, and were afterwards saw'd into different Volumes. I bequeath to Ra——e's new Library, at the same Time, desiring that this valuable Collection be placed in the Area, within *Reach*, and in case at any Time or Times hereafter some few *useful* Books or Mss. should be purchased by or given to the said Library, my Request is, that

that such Books should be plac'd (by the *Proto—* or *Deutero Bibliothec.*) in the third Gallery— where they may remain as out of *Sight*, so out of *Mind*, in peaceful *Dust and Oblivion.*—

Item, My Wit I bequeath to the E. of B, hoping it will serve him as it serv'd me (*viz.*) from a *led L—d*, reduce him to a *led Captain*; as to my *Honesty*, I would also bequeath that to him, were I not conscious, He wou'd not thank me for the *Legacy*.

Item, The Ichnography and Elevation of *Dagon's Temple* presented me by that most brillante Wit L—y T—d. I bequeath to my good L—d. of S—w, and earnestly request, He wou'd not defer the Building it, least in case of Mortality, his Heir should want *Taste*, and *foolishly* imagine, there are *too many Temples already*.

Item, The Print representing the *Br—ss* Forces restrained from Assaults and Batterys by the *D—ch* Justices and their Constables, sent me by my noble Friend and Brother Wit the F. of C— I bequeath to his Grace of *Ar—g*, and likewise my *Point d'Espagne* Hat, subject nevertheless to the following Restrictions and Limitations) (*viz.*) that He shall not hold the *Hollow* Part upwards, with an Intent to have it fulfill'd with *Contribution Monys*, and secondly, that He never wears it, except on the *Day of Battle*, by which Means, I propose the said Hat shall

shall attain *unburt* the Age of *Nestor*, and become as renown'd as that of *Pontius Pilate's*, Sisters, Wive's, Maid's, Hat at *Don Saltero's*.—And (altho' it was given me by my ever honour'd Friend Mr. *Mathew*.) I desire it may be shot thro' in due Time with a Musquet Ball, and hung up next to the D. C. Boot in the *Sale de Victore*, as a perpetual Testimony that *no such Thing was attempted*.—

Item, I bequeath to E. C. the Lock of poor *F.B's*. Hair which I cut off, just after she had ty'd herself up from Play, and I desire He will put it into a Ring of a deep Socket, and set one pretty large Brilliant on each Side, and round the Hoop let this Motto appear, "*jaeta est Alea*".

Item, The Government of *D——* Castle (tho' the next Nomination was granted to me with an Intent I should *touch* and pay my *Debts*.) I generously give to the experienc'd ——— for divers and weighty Considerations thereunto me moving, First for his great Services in the *Indies*, and secondly, as it appears to me that his Genius warps him to *Defending*, the World is sufficiently convinc'd that his Fort consists not in *Attacking*, provided the said ——— shall not accept any Place of Preferment or Profit under the present Administration, or during the Reign of the present Protestant Family, and in case of such Default, I hereby direct that the hereditary Constableship

stableship shall revert to *Hob*, whom I fore'd to abdicate, for his *undissembled Popery*.

Item, My BIBLE, which has been many Generations in the Family, yet not very much us'd, with marginal Notes by my Father; a Disciple of *Collins* and *Tindall*, I bequeath to Sir *B. L.* and to his Legitimate Daughter *C. C. S.* Tortoise-shell Snuff Box encrustè with Gold, with the Picture of a Lady taking *Opium*, in the *Lid*.

And whereas, tho' I have written much about *Physic* and *Necromancy* calculated many Nativities, and more Deaths, I have not any Mss. by me, yet for the Benefit of Mr. *Poney*, one of my Executors, I have furnished him with proper Materials for the History of my Life, which when not more advantageously employ'd, He is to compile and digest—subject nevertheless, to the Inspection of my Lord of *B——ea* and to the Correction of Sir *Tho. de Veil*, who are hereby empower'd from Time to Time, to summon the said *Poney*, and in case he does not diligently prosecute the said Work, to commit him to the Work-house, to beat *HEMP*, and thereby do (what God grant we all may) make Preparation for his *Latter End*. And for this their Trouble I bequeath to the said *Ld B——ea* two hundred of Sparrograss, and to the said Sir *Thomas de Veil* one Pair of Scales,

Scales, of which *one Side* shall kick the Beam forever.

Item, I bequeath the two Shirts I purchas'd of a Pawn-Broker in *Channel Row* to my *once* faithful Servant *Jenny*, as a Testimony, that on my death Bed, I forgive her *Inconstancy*, and being a *Fatalist*, consider——

“ That when weak Women go astray,
“ Their *Stars* are more in fault—*than they*.”

Item, Urg'd by the same *Motive*, and the same *Principle*, I bequeath unto *Dubby Dick* the Frock and Breeches, given me by my good Friend *W. H. P.* and also my plain Hat, the lac'd one being devis'd as is herein before specified.

Item, To my invaluable Acquaintance *Mr. Poney*, I bequeath my Boots to keep him warm in his nocturnal *Lucubrations*, which, I fear, He will find *longè periculossimæ*, in the *Winding up*.

(*Item.*) My *manfuète* Spur, the Gift, by Virtue of a Codicil of the late famous Satyr——ist Sir *G. M.* I bequeath to Sir *J—n Ch—in*, in order to *stimnlate* his *Male* Correspondents (for as to the *Ladys*, they are not ‘*Tantæ Cessatrices, ut Tali Instrumento indigeant*’) And also

to the same most *end*—ing K—t. I bequeath my Gammahoid, left me by the late — famous Mr. *Creswell*, which He purchas'd at a great Expence from a C—l at *Rome*, and which had been in that illustrious Family ever since the Time of Pope *Alexander Quintus*, and by Him, us'd to *amuse* his Son *Cæsar Borgia**, nay, — to inflame the Price, the J—t *Ciceroni*, did not scruple to affirm, ' That the *Ivory Part* had been the † Whistle of St. P—.

(*Item*) To the present Lords of the A—y, I bequeath my own Charte of the *British Channel*, wherein is described the Rock on which the WINCHELSEA Man of War (with other brave Ships in C^o.) were lately *cast away*. — This Rock, by the *Greek Hydographers* is called σοφία, by the *Latin*, *Sapientia*, by the *French*, *Sageſſe*, by the *English*, *Wisdom*, and lyes juſt opposite to — SILLY.

I recommend likewise a *broad Bottom Barge*, (a ſort of PUNT) that it may *draw* but little Water, and

* See Mr. *Gordon's* Life of *P. A.*

† This Metamorphoſe puts me in mind of Somebody's Something — about — about *Agamemnon's* Sceptre, and *Belinda's* Buckle, or Ear-ring, or Bodkin, or — in the *Rape* of the *Lock*.

and (having been heretofore a great * Physician) I advise the said C——rs to take (A——n excepted) each a large Dose of the *Pulvis Antibyssus* (so generously communicated by that learned † Archiater Dr. R. Mead) to prevent the *Hydrophobia*, as often as they shall § venture as far as *Greenwich*.

And whereas, it has been my whole Study, to make myself and others *laugh*, and therefore, am unwilling that any should *weep* at my Funeral, I hereby order, that the beforemention'd *Jenny* shall be Chief Mourner, (Her brown Camblet Gown being first dyed Sable, as a *Trapping* of Sorrow.)

Lastly, in Consideration of the many agreeable Nights spent together, the many Hazards avoided, and the various Favours receiv'd from the said Mr. *Poney*, I do hereby constitute and appoint Him, together with the beforemention'd *Dubby Dick*, JOINT EXECUTORS, of this my last Will and Testament, and for their Trouble in the Execution of the several *Trusts* repos'd in them, I give to each of them severally and respectively,
one

* See the old Physician's Legacy, by which the Testator loses just what the Legatée gains — —
Nothing.

† See *Le Clerc's Histoire de la Medecine*, of the prodigious Import of this Title — —

§ “ Qui primus commisit Pelago Ratem”.

one Gallon of the worst, and least expensive
Geneva, over and above the Legacies herein
 beforemention'd, and *exemplify'd*.

SIGNED,

*The Ides of
 March, 1745.*

PANTAGRUEL.

12 APR 58

F I N I S.



